

SCRAPPLE

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion"
By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says it's extremely important in trying times like these for every American to keep his temper, controlling his rishles and making no angry reply no matter what any one may say to him.

That's Possible

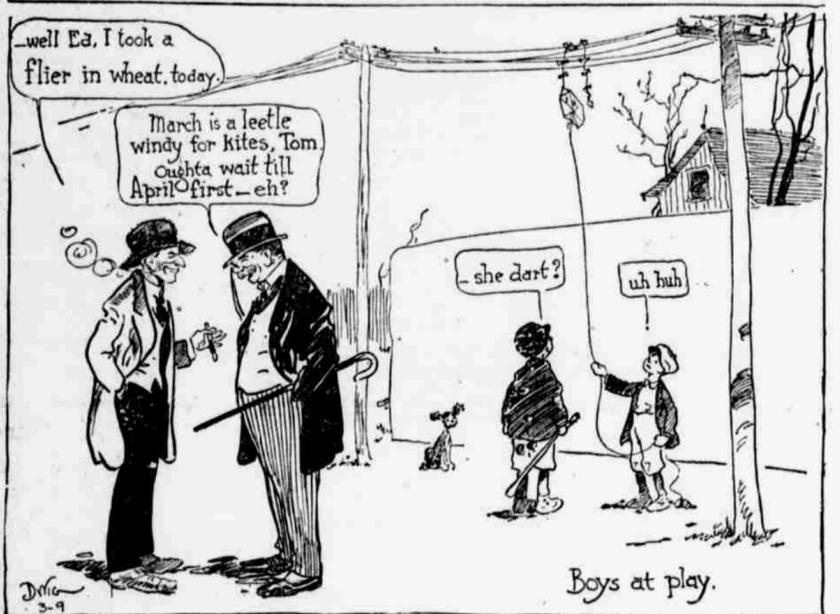
Herbert—There's a man that is bringing up a couple of dozen families and he's only getting \$50 a month.
Hibert—How does he do it?
Herbert—Well, you see, he's elevator boy in an apartment house—Chaparral.

THE PADDED CELL



IN CASE OF WAR
(MOLLY PITCHER STUFF)

SCHOOL DAYS



Boys at play.

To Be Sure

A stout, baggage-laden old English gentleman was trying to make a hurried exit from a railway carriage. At the door he stumbled on the foot of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the Highlander. "Canna ye look whaur going? Hoot, mon, hoot!"
The burdened traveler slammed the door behind him and shouted through the window:
"Hoot yourself! I am a traveler, not an automobile."—Argonaut.

"Know Thyself"

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A Well-Bred Loafer

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More Mad-Waggery

"I see that Billy Sunday has gone to Buffalo."
"Who is he going to Buffalo now?"
—Lampoon.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE

Princeton Tiger.
He—Can't you think of anything more wonderful than a five-pound box of candy?
She—Yes, a ten-pound box.

Mirabelle—And why do you say my belongs to the upper crust of society?
Myrtle—Because he gets the dough.

Horrible!
The speaker of the Senate and superior officers, and that it far surpassed their own crude and limited tongue.

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THE AFTERGLOW

THE STORY THIS FAR

Once more on earth after their adventures in the abyss, Beatrice and Allan start for their new home. They see that the world is a better place than they had seen in the abyss, and that the other language will decay and perish—save as we record it for the sake of history.

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)
BESIDE her he knelt silently; he encircled her with his right arm. Then he took up the tiny garment, smiling. For a long minute they gazed at it. He smiled with sudden tears. Her face fell, and her head dropped down upon his breast, and—as once before, at the cathedral in the case of the woman who had stolen Beatrice—there came the great disaster as hidden. Among the ruins of the cathedral, Beatrice and Allan are married.

CHAPTER XIX
The Master of His Fate
DAYS, busy days, lengthened into weeks and then to months, happy and full of labor, and in the ever-growing progress and change came steadily forward.

CHAPTER XX
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"We must teach the children, above all," he said to her one day. "English must come to be a secondary tongue to them, familiar as Merucan. The next generation will speak English from birth and gradually the other language will decay and perish—save as we record it for the sake of history."

"I can't be otherwise, Beatrice. The superior tongue is always bound to replace the inferior. All the science and technical work I teach these people must be explained in English."

"Yes, of course," she answered. "Yet, after all, we're only two."
"We'll be three soon."
She blushed.

"Three, then, if you say so. So few among so many—it will be a hard fight, after all."
"I know, but we shall win. Old man Adams and one or two others, at the time of the mutiny of the 'Bounty' taught English to all their one or two score wives and numerous children on Pitcairn."

"The Tahitian was soon forgotten, and the brown half-breeds all spoke good English right up to the time of the catastrophe, which, of course, they were all wiped out. So you see, history proves the thing can be done—and will be."

"Come, master, for they seek you now!" he called.
"Who?"
"The mistress and old Gesafam, the aged woman, skilled in all maladies! Come swiftly, O Kromon!"

"Allan started, dropped his lantern, and turned very white."
"You mean—?"
"Yes, master! Her face, the bronze lamp shining on her face, pale as his own."
"Come, boy!" she whispered. "Let me kiss you just once before—before—"

"Go, dear! You must go now!"
"The mistress, old Gesafam, chattering shrilly, seized the arm and pushed him toward the doorway."
"Dazed and in silence he submitted. But when the door had closed behind him, and he stood alone there in the moonlight above the rushing river, a sudden exaltation thrilled him."

"He knelt again by the rough sill and kissed the doorway of the house of pain, interest, and his soul flamed into prayers to whatsoever Principle or Power wrought the mysteries of the ever-changing universe."
"And for hours, keeping all far away, he held his vigil; and the stars watched above him, too, mysterious and far."

"But with the coming of the dawn, hark! A cry within! The cry—the thrilling, never-to-be-forgotten, heart-wringing cry of the first-born!"
"Oh, God!" breathed Allan, while down his cheeks hot tears gushed unrestrained. The door opened. Gesafam beckoned.

"Trembling, weak as a child, the man faltered in. Still burned the lamp upon the table. He saw the heavy masses of Beta's hair upon the pillow of deer skin, and some-thing in his heart yearned toward her as never until now."
"Allan!"
"Choking, unable to formulate a word, shaking, he sank beside the bed, buried his face upon it, and with his hand sought hers."

"Allan, behold your son!"
"Into his quivering arms he laid a tiny child, wrapped in the finest cloth the Folk could weave of soft palm fibers."
"Against his face he held the child, sobbing. One hand sheltered it; the other pressed the weak and trembling hand of Beatrice."

"And as the knowledge and the joy and pain of realization, of full achievement, of fatherhood, surged through him, the strong man's tears baptized the future master of the race!"

gathered on the terrace, all up and down the slope of it, before the door of their abode. Kromon's house, waiting for the son whom they all obeyed, of him who was their law.

Allan took the child and bore it to the doorway; and in the presence of all he held it up, and in the yellow moonlight dedicated it to their service and the service of the world.

"Listen, O folk of the Merucans!" he cried. "I show you and I give you, now, into your keeping and protection forever, this first-born child of ours!"
"This is the first American, the first of the ancient race that once was, the same race whence you, too, have descended, to be born in the upper world! His name shall be my name—Allan. To him shall be taught all good and useful things of body and of mind. He shall be your master, but more than master; he shall be your friend, your teacher, your strength, your guide in the days yet to come! To you his life is given. Not for himself shall he live, not for power or oppression, but for service in the good of all!"

"To you and your children is he given, to those who shall come after, to the new and better time. When we, his parents and when you, too, have lived and labored, his child shall carry on the work with your descendants. His race shall be your race, his love and care all for your welfare, his every thought and labor for the common good."
"I consecrate and give him to you, O my Folk! And from this hour of his naming I give you, too, a name, no longer shall you be Merucans, but you shall live once more. He, an American, salutes you, Americans! You are his elder brothers, and between you the bond shall never loosen."
"I have spoken unto you. This is the law!"

In silence they received it, in silence made obeisance; and, as Allan once more carried the child back to his mother, silently they all departed to their homes and labors. From that moment Allan believed his race established now by stronger bonds of love than any force could be. And through all the intoxication of success and consummated power he felt a love for Beatrice, who had rendered all this possible, such as no human words could ever say.

Allan, Junior, grew lustily, waxed strong, and filled the colony with joy. A new spirit pervaded Settlement on the Cliffs. The vital fact of new life had there, an augury of strength and increase and world-dominance once more, cemented all the social bonds.

An esprit de corps, an admirable and powerful sense, that matter, the work of reconstruction, of learning, of progress went on more rapidly than ever. Beatrice, seated at the door of Cliff Villa with the child upon her lap, made a veritable heart and center for all thought and labor. She and Allan, Jr., became objects almost of worship for the simple folk.

It was heart-touching to see the eager interest, the love and respect, the devotion, the hesitant yet fascinated way in which they contemplated this strange boy, blue-eyed and with yellow hair beginning to grow around his temples, but who had ever seen to show them what the children of their one-time ancestors had been.

The hunters, now growing very expert in the use of firearms, fairly overloaded the larder of the villa with their game birds and venison. The fishers outdid themselves to catch choice fish for their master's family. And every morning fruits and flowers were piled at the doorway for their ruler's pleasure.

Even then, when so much still remained to do, it seemed as though the Golden Age of Allan's dreams already was beginning to take form. These were by far the happiest days Beta had had ever lived. Love, work, hopes and plans filled their waking hours.

But far away were all discouragements and fears. All dangers seemed forever to have vanished. Even the portent of the signal-fires, from time to time seen on the northern or eastern horizons, were ignored. Allan and his wife, in their peace and joy, were unconscious of the peril that was in the future. Various short flights of the ruins of neighboring towns put him in

know it wasn't secure; but trusted it would hang there till I got back.
The minute we returned I consulted Mamie.
"What's been?"
"The rector came in for a few minutes," she answered.
"Rector?" I gasped. He is married and has two grown-up daughters. Heavens! I don't believe you can carry that far from my home," suggested Billy.
"Yes, indeed, I can," answered Mrs. Opossum.

"You don't mean to tell me that Mrs. Opossum can carry six bricks on her back?" asked Jonathan, becoming interested.
"I can carry seven bricks, if you will put them on my back and tell me when to take them," said Mrs. Opossum proudly. "I don't believe you can carry that far from my home," suggested Billy.
"Yes, indeed, I can," answered Mrs. Opossum.

Farmer Smith's Column

THAT SOMETHING

Dear Children—Do you mind my telling you about the things I do? You are forever talking about the things YOU do—why are a children's editor?

I was asked the other day to say a few things about music.
I am free to confess that I do not know ALL there is to know about music, or even about the things that matter. I am a listener, however. It is true that I have lessons when I was of tender age and I part in piano recitals, where I usually make a batch of what I was playing, simply because I was embarrassed by being the only boy scholar my teacher had. I was never her despair, for no matter what she wanted to play, I always insisted on playing it. I am, finally stopped playing things over for me.

Let's go back.
When you stand up to sing without an accompaniment, without any piano, HOW do you know you are on the right key? Go up and try "Home, Sweet Home."
Out of ten children who started to sing this song possibly eight were on the wrong key. How did the TWO who were right know that they had the right key?
Isn't it something to be able to do these things? What is this wonderful thing? Did you ever try to get acquainted with it? Did you ever say to yourself, "I am going to sing and I am going to hit the right key—I MUST hit the right key!"
Let's try to find THAT SOMETHING which starts us off right when we sing. I will help you all I can.
Your loving editor,
FARMER SMITH.

MRS. OPOSSUM HELPS BILLY

By Farmer Smith

Jonathan Goat was so surprised to see Mrs. Opossum standing there beside Billy Bumpus that he couldn't say a word to Billy stopped crying.
"What in the wide world were you crying about?" asked Mrs. Opossum of Billy.
"Jonathan was making fun of my wild cooking. I went all the way home and got some soup for him and now he says it's no good," whined Billy.
"I'll turn up my nose, that's all!" said Jonathan.

Suddenly Billy had an idea. "I will, Jonathan," he began. "Have you ever noticed how beautifully Mrs. Opossum cooks those dear, darling children of her own on her back? By the way, Mrs. Opossum, where are your children?"
"I have to leave them home once in a while," she replied.
"Too bad, too bad. I wanted Jonathan to see them."
"You must be very strong to carry those twelve babies of yours on your back. How much do they weigh? As much as six bricks?" And Billy looked at Mrs. Opossum.

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